



Dead Country



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Chapter 1 by Dovalord

Four people walked down the deserted street in a small town in Colorado. A young man in his twenties, a young woman of approximately the same age, a large black man in his thirties, and lastly, a man in his fifties, a cigarette hanging from his mouth. The young man took the lead, carrying a pump shotgun.

"This way!" He said, motioning down the street. The others followed.

"Joel, I'm glad you know your way around 'cause I can't find my what out of a paper bag." The older man said.

"Bobby, tell me something I don't know." The large black man said.

"Cory, leave the man alone, for God's sake!" The young woman said.

"Emily, shut it! One in front of us." Joel whispered. The group kneeled without a word, the only sound being the short ragged breaths and the shifting of their weight. The creature shambled on in front of them, walking past a burning car. Joel shifted as he wiped away the beads of sweat

above his eye. Emily looked around, noticing a lack of birdsong.

"Guys!" She whispered sharply.

"Not now, Emily." Cory whispered. He noticed the long, dark, and blurry shadows coming from the backyards of house long abandoned. Cory aimed down the rifle in his hands.

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"Guys!" Emily whispered again. More and more shadows joined the conglomerate.

"Emily, I swear, if you alert that walker, I'll kill you myself. Now, shut up!" Cory whispered back. Joel and Bobby glared at Cory and returned their attention to the walker in front of them. Emily shook her head and stood up.

"Guys, there's a bunch of the walkers coming behind us and we need to book it out of here now!" She shouted. A guttural scream screeched through the air as the three jumped to their feet. Joel cursed and shot the walker in front of the car.

"There's a high school not too far from here! We should be safe if we make it! Come on!" Joel shouted. Bobby fired at the mob that was charging their way. Cory grabbed the back of his collar as they dashed up the hilly street. Joel ran as hard as he could, his lungs begging for air and legs burning from exertion. Cory held the rear, his gun barrel smoking as walkers fell one after the other. Emily had resorted to using the butt of her gun, letting out the sound of cracking skulls. She then joined Joel at the lead.

"This school of yours better be here soon." She said between breaths. Joel remained silent, his eyes set on the top of the hill. Bobby wrestled his way out of Cory's arms and began firing on the horde.

"There! There it is!" Joel shouted out of his sore lungs. A large concrete building stood on the top, the setting sun making it seem like a holy shrine. Within minutes, the four survivors reached the doors, far ahead of the horde. Joel reached out to one, and it opened. Joel pushed the others inside. They collapsed against the door, their lungs returning to their oxygen addiction. Whatever remained of the horde ran to them, screaming and growling. Joel groaned as he stood up, and faced the legion of walkers, his shotgun aimed at the horde.

"Well, it's better than how I had imagine I'd die." Bobby chuckled out.

"How did you think you'd die?" Cory asked as he got up. He reached a hand to Emily. She took it

and hoisted herself up.

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"Lung cancer or some shit!" Bobby whispered to Joel. He

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"Well, can't keep them waiting," Cory said. He raised his shotgun. Joel stared at the horde trying to force its way in, the glass doors beginning to crack. Joel aimed down the

sight, preparing for death.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Suddenly a voice rang out through the intercom. "Hurry! Run to the gym! We will let you in!"

The four were surprised to hear another survivor. Quickly acting Joel said "It's this way, follow me!"

They quickly hastened to his words and begun to run down the hallway, finally they turned right at large trophy case in which an old picture of Joel in his football uniform hand. They banged on the door as the zombies came shuffling after them. The door opened and they ran inside. What they saw surprised them. There was not just one survivor, there was at least ten or twelve!

Most of them appeared to be high school age. Two teenage boys slammed the door shut behind them and barred it, while three other students pushed a row of bleachers in front of the now closed door. The four felt safe when suddenly a booming voice yelled at them, "CLOTHES OFF NOW!" they looked up and saw a police officer standing in front of them, gun drawn.

Joel recognized him from his days at school, it was the school resource officer, "Deputy Brown, it's me Joel! Joel West!" he said.

The officer relaxed and put down his gun. "It's good to see you again Joel. But still, I need you all to strip down. We have to make sure none of you have been bitten. I know it's embarrassing but please, I care more about these children than I do any amount of embarrassment. Just do it, please." Deputy Brown said.

The four of them look at each other, then nodding in agreement reluctantly started peeling off their clothes.

"Looks like they are starting to dissipate," a static voice erupted from the deputy's walkie talky.

"Who is that?" Joel asked.

"That's Sander. He is locked up over in my office watching the security camera's. That's how we

knew you all had entered the building." The officer looks around at all the scared teenagers in the gym. "I'm glad you showed up. You were the only survivors. It's good for them to see we are still here."

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Finally all naked, a woman who appeared to be the school nurse came up and checked them over. "Thank goodness," she said, "all clear."

"What is it like out there?" a young girl in a cheerleading uniform asked.

Chapter 3 by Phantim



"So hot..." Joel said looking down at the shapely teen. Upon noticing her stare though he realized he had spoken out loud. "I mean it's so hot out there... the smell is terrible. Those creatures are everywhere... there is a few groups we have seen that are still fighting, but many of them seem just as dangerous as the zombies."

Chapter 4 by Brendan Parker



The girl nodded, seemingly unfazed by the group's total nudity. It suddenly occurred to Joel that he should probably pull on his pants before the sight of the girl caused- well, an unsightly reaction. The rest of the group quickly began to re-dress themselves as well, except for Bobby, who didn't seem to be in any hurry.

"Will you put your clothes on you old hick?!" Cory exclaimed as he pulled on his belt.

"What?" Bobby shrugged. "There's a nice breeze in here."

As Cory and Bobby debated over the politics of the birthday suit, Joel was buttoning up his Hawaiian shirt. Emily looked over and rolled her eyes. "Jesus, flexing much?" She scoffed.

Joel's face went bright red. "Shutting the hell up much?!" He snapped, glancing over to see if the cheerleader had overheard. Luckily she had rejoined the group of teenagers in the middle of the gym, out of ear shot.

Emily noticed where he was looking and immediately burst out laughing. "Of course you'd go for cheerleader," She smirked. "If she's under eighteen though I'm kicking your-"

"Excuse me," came Deputy Brown's voice, and Emily stopped short. "If you're all ready, I'd like to give you all a tour of the facility."

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